He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause;but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cooson, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my courtesie.
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*
Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For *I* professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw *I* a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lostie instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

F or heauen to ea
A second time do
Here they embr
power, alarm
ter Blunt.
Blunt What is
What honour do
Doug. Know t
And I do haunt t
Because some tell
Blunt They te
Doug. The Lo
Thy likenesse, for
This sword hath
Vnlesse thou yeel
Blunt I was no
And thou shalt fi
Lord Staffords de
They fight,
Hot. O Doug
I neuer had triumj
Doug. Als don
Hot. Where?
Hot. This, Do
A gallant knight h
Semblably furnish
Doug. Ah foole
A borrowed title h
Why didst thou te
Hot. The king
Doug. Now by
Ile murther all his
Vntill *I* meete the
Our souldiours sta
Fal. Though I
shot here, here's no
sir Walter Blunt, th